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From

THE BELLMAN

Minneapolis

Issues of April 1 and April 8, 1916.

Vol. 20, nos. 507 and 508.

31 x 23 cm.

(courtesy of Joel E. Ferris)

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WHEN THE MORMONS DWELT AMONG US: I

EUDOCIA BALDWIN MARSH

At this time, all the world knows who and what manner of people the Mormons are, and I write, not to give a detailed account of their history as a sect, but merely to relate a few incidents of my own experience, and to state some facts of which I have personal knowledge. For a term of years, these people were our close neighbors in the state of Illinois. I saw them welcomed, and I witnessed in turn their growth and prosperity, and their downfall and expulsion from the state.

In 1836, the Mormons came to Hancock County in a very sorry plight. According to their own tale, they were fugitives for righteousness' sake, driven from Missouri by the religious intolerance of their neighbors. They were in utter destitution, and their misery was enhanced by the fact that the flight from their homes was in the dead of winter.

They crossed the Mississippi River at Quincy, where they were treated with great kindness, and given food, shelter, and raiment. The citizens of Quincy even held a public meeting and passed resolutions denouncing the "border ruffians of Missouri" for so cruelly misusing a godly people. These "ruffians" were too far removed to present their side of the case.

For some time the "Saints," as the Mormons styled themselves, succeeded in posing as martyrs. Many of them dispersed throughout the county, and everywhere they received sympathy, kind treatment, and employment. Both their need and their numbers made them willing to work for very low wages. This was a boon indeed to the overworked farmers, who were devoutly thankful to obtain this unexpected help in their strenuous life. The younger women, both married and single, went out as servants, and, with but few exceptions, they were faithful and efficient.

Apparently, they were a serious, sober-minded people, desirous of living up to their name of "Latter Day Saints." Their demeanor was very sanctimonious, and in many cases I think the sanctity was not all assumed.

When these people first came among us, Joseph Smith was in a Missouri jail. Early in the spring, he escaped—it was afterwards said that the authorities connived at his escape in order to be rid of him. He joined his flock, and was earnestly solicited by the people on both sides of the river to locate his projected city with them.

After much deliberation, he chose the little village of Commerce, on the east bank, as the site for the future city of Nauvoo. A call was sent to all the dispersed faithful to come and build up the new Zion. The vacant cabins throughout Hancock and the adjoining counties, of which they had taken possession, were again deserted, and the roads leading to Commerce were thronged. For not only the Mormons themselves came at Smith's bidding, but their gentile converts as well.

The farmers living in the vicinity of Commerce vied with each other in their haste to sell their land to the Mormons for town lots. Smith ever promised lordly

The "Million and a Half" Temple at Nauvoo From an old print

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prices, hut lf, when the day of reekoning eame, he found payment inconvenient, an alleged "revelation," and a "Thus saith the Lord," settled the elaim forever. Some of these duped landowners joined their fortunes with those of the Mormons, not beeause they were converted to the Mormon belief, hut beeause, being intelligent men, they saw an opportunity to gain power and influence. Thus the money they did not get for their land advaneed their worldly position, for they, and their deseendants, have always been leaders and dictators among the Saints.

During the palmy days of their Mlssourl sojourn, the Mormons had sent many teachers abroad. Soon after Nauvoo was founded, the little colony began to reap the fruits of the zealous labors of these missionaries. Great numbers of converts eame from England. Some were unskilled and ignorant, ill-fitted to take eare of themselves in a strange country, but many were skilled workers in different erafts. Scotland and Wales also sent their qnota, for these countries, too, had been thoroughly canvassed hy the Mormons. They had deseribed, in most glowing terms, this new country. According to them, tropieal trees of all kinds bordered the streets of Nauvoo, and the fruit could be gathered without money and without priee; although, for that matter, they declared that both gold and silver were to be had for the asking. Some of these deluded people had believed that, in truth, they were coming to the New Jerusalem, where living waters flowed by the tree of life.

The reality was too great a shock for many. The diseases common in a new conntry claimed some; privation took its toll; others sneeumbed to homesickness; and still others songht the gentiles, and tried to forget that they had been Mormon dupes. But the "Saints" kept their hold on the greater nnmber, and, ln time, broke them ln to the weary work of giving tithes of time and money to build the city and the "Temple."

The politicians soon saw ln this fast-growing eity a condition of affairs worth looking into. It was evident that Smith would control the vote of his people; which would be the party so fortunate as to control Smith? Their ardent desire to obtain his favor and support led the leaders of both parties to visit him freqnently at his home, the "Mansion House." There they paid the exorhitant priees he charged for entertainment, lsughed at his coarse jokes and stories, and flattered his self-coneeit in every possible way. Smith, despite his immense conceit, was astnte, and treated all alike. Naturally, he was mneh elated at this tnrn in the tide of his affairs; from poverty and a Missonri prison, he was heing rapidly borne to wealth and power.

In September, 1839, the city was definitely laid out, and the name ehanged from Commeree to Nauvoo. The following winter, it was granted many unnsual privileges hy the legislatnre. With others not so well known, Stephen A. Douglas and Sidney H. Little pnshed the aet granting Nauvoo its eharter. This provided for a city, a university, and a "Military Legion," represented, respectively, by a city eouneil, a board of trnstees, and a conrt-martial. Eaeh of these bodies was invested with legislative, judieial, and executive powers; that is, they were given the right "to enaet, estahlish, ordain, and execute all laws and ordinanees not repugnant to the constitution of this state or of the United States."

No proviso appears in the aet guarding against infringement of the laws of the state or of the United States. That proviso, usual in eharters, may or may not have been purposely omitted, hut an examinstion of all other eharters granted at this same session will show that in eaeh was a proviso providing against infraetion of the laws as well as the eonstitution. It is an ohvious faet that, in so passing the hill, the judieiary committee, both houses of the legislatnre, and the governor who signed the bill omitted the performanee of their plain duty.

The "Military Legion" was made independent of the rest of the military of the state. The title of the commanding offieer, "Lieutenant-General," was unknown elsewhere ln state or nation. Any eitizen of the county was at liherty to join, the natural sequenee being that all the "Faithful" were at onee enrolled.

With sueh an auspieions beginning, no wonder Smith was puffed np with pride and arroganee, and soon proelaimed that "the whole earth, together with the possessions of the gentiles, will he hrought under the sway of the Saints."

By 1842, the Mormon population of Hancock County was sixteen thousand. About that time Henry Caswell, an English gentleman, visited the colony, and wrote eoncerning the "Prophet": "I had the honour of an interview with the Prophet. He is coarse and pleheian in aspeet; his countenanee exhihits a mixture of the knave and the elown; on one finger of his large, fat hand, he wears a massive gold ring; I eould not observe his eyes, for he was deficient in that open, staid, fixed look whieh eharaeterizes an honest man. . . . The Mormon system, mad as it ls, has method in lts madness. Many shrewd minds are at work on its maintenanee and propagation, and whatever may hefall its organizers, it has, in itself, the elements of inerease and enduranee." It seems to me these last words were prophetie, for thongh, a very few years later, a sudden and violent death hefell its fonnders, the system eertainly hoth endured and inereased.

In 1841 I first saw the Mormon leaders. A young lawyer of Carthage met an untimely death by accident, and all the chnreh dignitaries attended the funeral. The long procession passed near my father's home, and for the first time I saw the men so mueh talked about. The Smiths were large men, with eoarse, heavy features; Joseph, in particular, was a stupid, sleepy-looking man, whose faee held no hint of intellect or aseetieism, sueh as one would naturally expeet to find expressed on the faee of a prophet. They were dressed in the uniform of the "Legion," whieh had an extraordinarily high collar. Riding, as they did, in the high-huilt huggies of that day, they looked gigantie.

During this time of Mormon prosperity, while Nauvoo was rapidly filling with people from all parts of the world, many exeursions and pleasure parties were arranged to visit the city. On one oeeasion, some members of our family joined sueh a party and took me with them. We dined at Smith's large hotel, the "Mansion House." After dinner we were told that for a small sum we eould view some Egyptian mummies that were on exhihition in an adjoining room. We all went in, and found the mummies presided over hy Smith's mother, a trim-looking old woman, dressed in a hlack silk gown, with a white apron and eap.

With a long wand, she pointed out to ns the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus himself, his wife, and his daughters. Then followed a detailed account of the life of eaeh. Upon my asking her how she had ohtained all this information, she replied in a severely virtuous tone, in a manner ealeulated to repress all further doubt and questioning, "My son Joseph reeently reeeived a revelation from the Lord regsrding these people and their times. He told it all to me."

We saw on this visit, as often afterwards, the "Eleet Lady," as Smith profanely ealled his first wife. She was a tall, austere woman, gsunt of form, and very plain

of feature, but said to be of sensible, practical character. Stately and solemn, she sometimes appeared in public at Smith's high functions, or dress parade affairs, in rich costumes of velvet, with her hair dressed high with plumes. It was said she had no faith in her husband as a prophet. Certainly, she refused later to leave the hotel, or to go with the Mormons to Utah. Long after the "Exodus," she acted as landlady, and when, after Smith's death, she married Mr. Bidaman, together they kept the inn to the end of their days.

At this time we visited the "Temple." The interior was not finished, but the exterior was certainly of very imposing appearance. Smith claimed its cost to be one and a half million dollars—surely a large sum to wring from the poor people who were his dupes. They gave not only the work of every tenth day, but also the tenth of all their earnings from farms, shops, or labor of any kind. It was said at the time, by men who claimed to know, that three or four hundred thousand dollars would have been ample for such a building—what became of the residue is left to conjecture.

My brother had viewed the laying of the cornerstone of the "Temple" on April 6, 1841. It was a grand affair, according to the Nauvoo paper, "an imposing occasion." Smith, in his gorgeous uniform as "Lieutenant-General" of the "Legion," led the procession, followed by the officers and their minor satellites, all in brilliant uniforms. Next in line were many ladies in costly apparel, on fine horses. Then came the Indians, from the reservation across the river, led by old Chief Keokuk, whose gigantic stature towered above his dusky followers. Smith always showed great favor to the Indians. Did he look forward to a time when they might be valuable allies?

Joseph Smith, the "Prophet"
From an old print

We toiled up many flights of stairs to the very top of the "Temple," where we were rewarded by a splendid view of the city, the Mississippi River half encircling it, and the Indian reservation across the river in Iowa. Descending, we saw, on the main floor of the "Temple," the "Brazen Sea." This was a capacious layer of wood, about twenty feet square, which rested upon the backs of twelve oxen, also of wood, but finished to resemble stone. Our guide assured us they really were stone, but I saw a visitor take from his pocket a penknife and stealthily thrust the small, sharp blade into one of the great, wide-horned creatures.

The "revelation" which commanded the building of the "Temple" gave explicit orders also for the erection of a fine hotel, in which certain rooms were to be sacred to Smith and his family; they were to be to them "a possession forever." This building, however, was not finished before the "Exodus."

About this time, two years after the founding of Nauvoo, it was reported that Smith had received a "revelation" with regard to the taking of "spiritual wives," and that these "celestial marriages" had been enjoined. The better class of Mormons strenuously denied that such a revelation had been received, but Smith circulated it in writing among a few of the chosen, and it was afterwards openly espoused at Salt Lake City as a doctrine of the church.

In this "revelation," great pains had been taken to conciliate Smith's wife, Emma, and to prepare her for the new dispensation. In it, she was addressed by name, and adjured to obey or be destroyed. Outwardly, she was compelled to acquiesce, but I imagine she felt as indignant as any right-minded woman might under the same circumstances.

My sister once heard her express her opinion of spiritual marriages. On this occasion my sister and her husband, who were in Nauvoo on a business trip, went into the hotel parlor on the morning of the second day of their stay to await the call to breakfast. Ten or twelve young women were assembled here, laughing and talking. Mrs. Emma Smith presently joined them, and recognizing my sister, whom she had met before, entered into conversation with her. Upon my sister asking, "Mrs. Smith, where does your church get this doctrine of spiritual wives?" her face flushed scarlet, and her eyes blazed as she replied, "Straight from hell, madam." Some of the young women blushed too, others giggled, and still others were stolid and indifferent. One of these girls had formerly worked for my sister as seamstress. My sister talked with her, offering her work and help for her family, who were very poor, if she would but leave the Mormons. The girl promised that she would, but she never did, and my sister never saw her again.

The privileges granted the Nauvoo "Legion" have been mentioned. In Smith's hands, the "Legion" soon became a great power, and both political parties looked longingly at the votes he controlled. For a time Smith remained neutral, but finally he joined the ranks of the Democrats.

It happened in this manner. A prominent Whig was nominated for Congress by his party. Smith promised him his own and the Mormon vote, but, at the election, every Mormon, except Smith, voted for the Democratic candidate. Smith kept his word, so far as his personal vote was concerned, but he had a "revelation" instructing every other Mormon to vote against the Whig.

In 1844, before the nominations for the presidency of the United States, Smith wrote to every man mentioned for the office, asking his views regarding the pun-

The Old Courthouse at Carthage

ishment due the people of Missouri for their alleged persecution of the Mormons. In Smith's opinion, none of these prospective candidates were duly severe. Hence, in the Nauvoo Times and Seasons, his name appeared in flaming headlines as candidate for the presidency of the United States, with Sidney Rigdon as his running mate. Such was his inflated self-esteem and insane ambition.

Very soon after the "Faithful" were gathered together to form the Nauvoo settlement, the citizens of the county saw they had made a great mistake in welcoming the Mormons among them. This change of mind was not due to statements from the Missourians, but to the actions of the Mormons themselves. They were many in number, their leaders had many projects planned that required means. Hence, to supply their own immediate needs, and to furnish capital to carry out the mandates of the church, raids were frequently made into the country for the purpose of "lifting" cattle, horses, and produce of every kind. There was little or no redress, for Smith, as mayor, had the right to resort to the habeas corpus act. No matter how many were arrested by county officers, they were set at liberty by this act, and before further steps could be taken, they were out of reach.

A few years ago a man who had suffered severely from Mormon depredations told me this story. From time to time, Smith sent his men to this man with orders for cattle, hay, grain, and other farm produce. He received partial pay, at intervals, but the bill, as a whole, became larger and larger. No attention was paid to his requests for settlement, but the orders continued to arrive. Becoming impatient, he mounted his horse one morning and rode to Nauvoo to demand settlement. Smith received him with a great show of cordiality, promised him immediate payment—and charged him a round sum for his dinner at the hotel.

Immediately after dinner, Smith disappeared, temporarily, as the man supposed, so he went out for a short stroll through the town. Before he had walked a block, he was surrounded by six rough-looking men, each of whom had a large pine stick in his hand, which he was whittling vigorously with a bowie knife. They gradually pressed nearer and nearer to him until the points of their knives almost touched him as they cut viciously at the pine. Surprised and indignant, the man gave the one nearest him a forcible kick on the shins, inquiring at the same time what they meant by such conduct. Taking no notice either of his words or his actions, they merely pressed closer, and whittled faster. A crowd began to gather. Seeing no way of ridding himself of these men, and realizing that their demonstration was prompted by some sinister motive, he returned to the hotel as quickly as possible. By the time he went up the hotel steps, the crowd and the whittling men had disappeared.

Upon inquiring for Smith and being told that he was out of town, he ordered his horse. No sooner had he mounted than he was again surrounded by the whittlers, who hastened his horse's movements by pricking it with their sharp sticks. Not a word was spoken, but when they were well out of the city limits, they left him.

As he was unarmed, he was too thankful to escape with his life to make any ado about his money, though he never received a penny of the amount owed him. In the county, tales of murder and disappearance were rife; those to whom the Mormons owed large sums of money had a peculiar way of vanishing. He had given the stories little credence, but, even had he done so, he would not have believed that he himself could be subjected to such treatment, for Smith had always shown him attention and courtesy.

But he was not through with the Mormons. In the course of a fortnight, another demand for supplies was made, with which, of course, he did not comply. The result was that, in one night, several hundred beautiful young fruit trees were girdled, and so totally destroyed.

My father died before these people became so notorious, and my mother, being left with the care of the family and the farm, sometimes hired Mormon men for the heavy work. One who was thus employed to split logs into rails for fencing was a dark, ruddy man of immense stature, Butterfield by name. I remember that for his breakfast, in addition to what most men would consider a bountiful meal, he devoured forty buckwheat cakes! I think he could have eaten more, but no more were ever set before him. They were baked on a griddle holding eight good big cakes. After the fifth griddleful had been set before him, the little Mormon maid who baked them would take the griddle from the crane with an angry jerk, bang it down on the hearth, and leave the kitchen, muttering, "If he wants any more, he may bake them himself."

While Butterfield was working for my mother, a term of the circuit court was held in Carthage. The judge, the lawyers, clients, witnesses, and others interested made a large gathering, far exceeding in number those attracted by "court week" nowadays. There were no railroads, so those who came to attend court boarded in the village during the entire session. In the evenings, there was nothing to do, so, to pass the time, the young lawyers had impromptu debates and speeches.

At the time of which I speak, there were mutterings of the coming storm, and an anti-Mormon meeting was planned for a certain evening. Contrary to Butterfield's usual custom, he went to town that evening. When he

reached the crowded courtroom, a speaker was denouncing the Mormon people. When he ended, Butterfield strode to the judge's stand and, mounting the steps, began a fanatical defense of his religion. He rattled off, with great volubility, their doctrines concerning baptism for the dead, talking in unknown tongues, the laying on of hands, anointing for the healing of the sick, the seeing of visions, and the dreaming of dreams. He continued his harangue by saying that faith was the only thing needed to make of any one a "Latter Day Saint," adding, "I hope to live to see all who hear my voice this night believers in the Prophet and in the Book of the Mormons."

The surprise of the men who had arranged the anti-Mormon meeting was complete. Butterfield's action was so sudden, his talk so amazing, that so far he had been listened to in silence, but now he was interrupted by a shower of sticks and small stones, driven from the room, and pursued far on the road to our house. He reached home in a wretched condition, since, according to the Mormon doctrine of non-resistance, he could make no defense. Otherwise he, a modern Samson, could have dealt easily with his persecutors.

After this occurrence, he was more gloomy and fanatical than ever. Though he was a faithful, sober, efficient worker, my mother had finally to dismiss him.

By 1844, twenty thousand Mormons were settled in and about Nauvoo, and the "Legion" was said to have an enrollment of five thousand. At this time, a schism arose. Two brothers, William and Wilson Law, with their families, had come to Nauvoo from Canada soon after "stake planting." They were men of good character and of wealth, and they invested all their means in Nauvoo, buying lots and building mills and warehouses. Thus, through their unimpeachable character, and by means of their wealth, they greatly aided in building up the city of the sect.

It seemed to the gentiles to take a long time for these brothers to discover Smith's real character, and the rottenness of the Mormon system. But when they did, they decided with great courage to fight Smith in his stronghold, and to publish the truth to the world. To this end, they bought and set up a printing press, and on June 7, 1844, the first issue of the Nauvoo Expositor was given to the world. The next day a meeting of the city council was called. This body, Joseph Smith as mayor presiding, deliberated two days, then passed a resolution declaring the Expositor a nuisance which should be abated. Accordingly, the press and type were thrown into the street and destroyed.

The Laws immediately procured writs at Carthage for the arrest of Joseph Smith, Hiram Smith, and others. At this time, several other writs were out, some of which had been served, but the writ of habeas corpus from the municipal court had set the arrested men free. These, with other iniquitous acts, set the whole country on fire. Public meetings were held, resolutions passed, and everywhere men were armed and drilled, since it was evident that the officers serving the writs would have to be aided by a posse.

As, in evading and resisting the law, Smith was backed by his "Legion," adjoining counties were asked to join Hancock County in her effort to enforce the law. Arms and ammunition were lacking for many who volunteered, so agents were sent to Quincy and St. Louis to procure supplies of both. Warsaw contributed one thousand dollars to the fund raised for that purpose, and other towns gave in proportion, each according to its ability.

A deputation was sent to Governor Ford at Springfield to notify him of the trouble. After hearing their story, he decided to visit the county in person and form his own judgment regarding the situation.

At the time of his arrival, there were about seventeen hundred men encamped in and about Carthage, and the little town was the scene of great excitement. With the younger children, I went sometimes to see the drilling and parading. The commotion, the music of fifes and drums, the fluttering of the Stars and Stripes in the warm June breeze, the galloping hither and thither of

Nauvoo as it is Today, Looking South from the Site of the Temple

colonels with red sashes and very bright swords, were sights and sounds never to be forgotten. High above all other sonnds could be heard the droning and shrieking of the bagpipes. The piper himself, in full Highland costume of kilt, plaid and bonnet, gave an added touch of the picturesque to the scene. Another musician of this gathering was the fifer of our own county. We could always be sure Hancock County troops were coming when we heard "Jefferson and Liberty," a stirring march, well calculated to make a man keep step whether he had any idea of time or not.

Regarding the developments that followed the governor's arrival at Carthage, I qnote from "The Prophet of Palmyra," by Thomas Gregg. "The governor promptly placed all the troops, with their proper officers, under orders. He next called upon the mayor and the city council of Nauvoo to present their side of the case, which they did through a committee. . . . There was considerable delay and indecision, but finally a new warrant was issued charging the Smiths with treason. When the constable presented this, backed as he was by the governor's authority, the Smiths and two members of the council volnntarily surrendered, and entered into recognizance to appear at court. Neither party being prepared for the examination on the charge of treason, the accused were ordered placed in the county jail for safe-keeping. . . . The charge of treason was based on the alleged fact of levying war against the state, of declaring martial law in the city, and of ordering out the Legion to resist the execution of the laws."

After the prisoners arrived at Carthage, some of the men in the militia from adjoining counties expressed a wish to see the Smiths. The governor, hearing this, decided to give all the troops an opportunity to gratify their desire. However, he said nothing to the men of his intention. He ordered Singleton, the commanding general, to call the troops ont on parade. The troops on the sonth side of the town square were drawn up in front of their tents expecting every moment to see the governor and his staff officers for the review. Instead, they saw coming from Hamilton's Hotel the sheriff, with Joseph Smith leaning on one arm, and Hiram on the other. They walked to the extreme right of the troops, when the sheriff began introducing them right and left, saying, "Gentlemen, this is General Joseph Smith; Mr. Hiram Smith, gentlemen."

All along the crowded lines they passed, bowing and smiling, until they reached the Carthage Greys. This was a well-drilled, well-uniformed company of Carthage citizens, men who knew well the character of the prisoners. They had been interested spectators of this triumphal progress, and they saw the full significance of the incident. Here were two men indicted for treason, and many other lesser crimes, being introduced as persons of distinction by the sheriff, while the governor and his staff looked on with complaceney.

This was too much for their patience, and when the prisoners reached their line, they cried out, "No, no; no introductions for us." They groaned and hissed, and some cried out, "Down with all impostors!"

The sheriff's face tnrned scarlet, but Joseph Smith's was the color of ashes as he gasped, "Let us get back to the hotel." This they did, and the people at the hotel said that when they reached there a stimnlant had to be given Smith, he was so weak from fright. After dinner, he and his companions were glad to be placed in the jail for safe-keeping.

The governor was much chagrined at this turn of affairs, and promptly ordered the Carthage Greys nnder arrest for mntiny. However, the company declared they were under arms to assist in bringing the Smiths to lawful punishment, not to further their aggrandizement; and, moreover, that they would never submit to arrest merely for refusing to be introduced to men who refused to obey their country's laws. They emphasized this declaration by loading their guns with ball cartridges, and marching at double-quick time to the courthouse, where they stood with their backs to the wall. At this juncture, the governor, no doubt feeling that he was between the "devil and the deep sea," sent a deputation to talk to the Greys, and to invite their officers to confer with him at the courthouse. A compromise was thus reached, and the Greys, no longer threatened with arrest, returned to their assigned quarters on the square.

Mr. Gregg says: "The governor now decided to march the entire force to Nauvoo, but he does not seem to have had any clearly defined reason for so doing. . . . The morning of June twenty-seven was fixed upon for this march, and on the twenty-sixth the troops at Warsaw received orders to meet the governor and the main force at Golden's Point, several miles from Nauvoo.

"But, on the twenty-seventh, the governor wavered in this intention, and called his officers together in council. Though they, by a small majority, were in favor of going, the governor countermanded the orders previously given, and disbanded the troops. Three companies were retained, two to remain at Carthage, and one to accompany him to Nauvoo. The Warsaw troops were met on the prairie by the disbanding officer before they reached Golden's Point." I think, myself, there was but one company left at Carthage. At least, all that afternoon there were no soldiers in sight but the Carthage Greys.

This temperate recital gives but a faint idea of the nndercurrent of excitement, I may truthfully say, of rage and disgust, that this order to disband created. The order to march had been expected several days before it was actually given. The troops had been summoned so hastily that the rations furnished by the state were inadequate, and, that they might not suffer for food when marching, the women of Carthage and the surrounding country prepared a great quantity of good things to eat.

So when, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, that unexpected order to disband and disperse was received, there was universal disappointment and chagrin. Strong hopes had been entertained that a show of determination, backed by strength, would secure the enforcement of law in the county, and possibly even banish the offenders. But now the people of Carthage were left in despair.

It was, indeed, a serious situation for the little city. Friction between the people of Nauvoo and their neighbors had reached such a point that violence was to be feared at every moment; and the arrest of Joseph and Hiram Smith was certain to increase the danger immensely. Before this the Carthage people had looked forward to the arrival of the troops mainly in hopes that it would pnt an end to Mormon disregard of the law, but now they felt that they needed actual protection for their property, and perhaps for their lives. However, great as was the discouragement in Carthage when the order to disband was announced, it was as nothing to what the terror would have been if the inhabitants could have foreseen the events which, with appalling swiftness, were to follow it.

This narrative outlines the course of events np to June 27, 1844, the day which marked the turning point of Mormon history in Illinois. Of the events of that day itself, and of what followed it, I have written in another chapter.

(To be concluded.)

WHEN THE MORMONS DWELT AMONG US: II

EUDOCIA BALDWIN MARSH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first chapter of this narrative described the establishment of the Mormon colony at Nauvoo, Illinois, in the years following 1836, under the leadership of the "Prophet," Joseph Smith. Its concluding incident was the arrest of Joseph and Hiram Smith, and other prominent Mormons, by direction of Governor Ford, and their removal to the Carthage jail, where they were guarded by the Carthage Greys. The troops assembled by the governor were then unexpectedly ordered by him to disband, on the morning of June 27, 1844.

Soon after the order to disband was promulgated, the governor, escorted by the company from Augusta, rode to Nauvoo. He expressed an intention to search for counterfeit money, but, by the time Nauvoo was reached, he had changed his mind. Instead, he called the people together and spoke to them. He claimed that, in this speech, he rated them severely, and exacted from them a promise that they would obey the laws of the land.

My two older brothers were members of the Carthage Greys. After the other troops had been disbanded, this company moved their tents to the southwest corner of the square. Squads of six were sent from time to time to relieve the guard at the jail.

In the morning, word had been sent us of the order to disband, that we might not proceed further in our efforts to add to the commissary supplies. Wondering much at such an ending to all our hopes, and being uncertain as to the cause, my mother, little sister, and I walked to town after dinner. My married sister lived on the west side of the square, and from her house we had a full view of the tents occupied by the Greys.

After a short visit, I went with a friend to call upon a friend living but a few blocks away. We started to return to my sister's between four and five o'clock, and passed three men from Warsaw, whom I knew well. As they were members of the Warsaw company halted on its march that day, I was surprised to see them in Carthage. The significance of their appearance I understood later.

As I was removing my hat, my brother-in-law, an officer of the Greys, came in hurriedly, and said, "A party of men are coming to take Joe Smith from jail, and hang him in the square."

His face was very white, as he buckled on his sword, and rushed back to his company. Our feelings of horror and consternation may be imagined, for bad as we believed the man to be, this outcome was too terrible to be thought of.

We went to the door and looked down the street. The news that something unusual was about to happen was evidently abroad, for men were running about and

Nauvoo in 1846 From an old print

gatbering in groups, many with frightened faces. As we stood watching, a group of men stopped in passing, and one of them told us, "A party of Mormons are coming to rescue the Smiths and take them to Nauvoo; we fear the guard will all be killed, they are so few."

My mother turned away without a word, and went into an inner room. We all knew why—my oldest brother was on duty at the jail; he had marched by two hours before in the relief guard.

We must have taken it for granted that my brother-in-law was mistaken in his message, for none of us thought of questioning this last report. By this time, the square was the scene of the greatest excitement and confusion. Men ran about, some shouting, "The Mormons are coming, the guard will all be killed"; others, "The Danites are coming for the Smiths." They did nothing but shout. None of them went near the jail.

Meanwhile, the Greys were standing about in front of their tents, apparently in confusion. The captain, a man over six feet in height, seemed to be trying to get tbe men into line. Some of them bad been sleeping, and were now but half-awake. But my brother Tom was awake, very wide-awake, for I saw an officer take him by the arm several times and shove him roughly into the ranks.

At last, Tom shouted, "Come on, you cowards, damn you, come on; those boys will all be killed!" I must confess that he swore, something I had never known him to do before. Finally, he broke away from those holding him, and, with his gun on his shoulder, ran with all his might past us to tbe jail.

Just then a group of men passed, going in the opposite direction. Fearing for my brothers, I said to them, "Aren't you going to the jail to help those boys?" All shook their heads, and one, a "Jack Mormon," said, "I dare not." The "Jack Mormons" were thought little of by either Mormons or gentiles, for they feared to side with either.

"Well," I replied, "my brother was right; you are all cowards," and, turning away, I ran after Tom to give him what help I could. Turning a corner sharply, I met my mother, who had left my sister's home by the back gate to join her sons at the jail.

We had almost reached the jail, when the mob appeared, and we became separated. The men were all disguised, and mother, supposing them to be Mormons, kept on, nothing daunted, firmly resolved to stand by her sons. But before she reached the gate of the jail yard, the foremost men had leaped the fence, thrown the guard to the ground, and were streaming up the stairs of the jail. A moment later, my mother saw Joseph Smith come to the window, and lean far out. Bullets whistled about him, and, with a loud cry, he pitched headlong to the ground. Only then did mother realize that these men were not Mormons, and she turned away, heartsick and terrified.

We both returned to my sister's, feeling that our troubles were by no means over, since the "Prophet's" death would certainly arouse the vengeance of his people.

The Smiths were not in the jail proper, but in a large front room of the sheriff's quarters. When the news reached tbe sheriff that a large body of men were coming, he told the prisoners, and begged them to allow him to lock them in a cell. Joseph Smith replied gayly, "Oh, I think they must be friends. Don't worry, Mr. Sheriff, it will be all right."

Long afterwards it was known that, after the demonstration hy the Carthage Greys, Smith had written to the lieutenant in command of the "Legion" at Nauvoo to come at once with sufficient men to release him and his brother. This is why he was so sanguine that the men approaching were friends.

In less than a half-hour from the time I saw the three Warsaw men ride into town, the Smiths were lying dead. I have always believed that they tried to disperse the mob, and, failing, spurred into town to bring word to those whom they thought might avert the tragedy.

Here I quote the words of a well-known lawyer of Carthage: "As the moh reached the front of the jail, the guard, standing on the steps, fired. Though the leaders of the moh were not twenty feet distant, no one was hit, but the assailants—whose faces were blackened—seized the guard and threw them to the ground. As many as could rushed up the stairway, and tried to break in the door to the room where the Smiths, Bishop Taylor, and Richards were confined. These four men held the door successfully, so the moh fired through the door, wounding Bishop Taylor and Joseph Smith, and killing Hiram Smith. Richards, unhurt, crouched behind the now-opened door. A window opposite was open, and Joseph sprang upon its hroad sill to jump out, but bullets struck him from behind and he fell headlong to the ground. Balls from without met his falling body. It seemed to me, forty rods distant, but in full sight, that, for a moment, he partly raised himself to a sitting posture against a well curh beside which he fell. However, it is not true, as is sometimes stated,

House of William Law, One of the "Twelve Apostles"

that his assailants leaned his body against the curb, and made of it a target."

He adds: "A panic seized the town, and within two hours it was deserted. The Hamilton House alone was occupied. There the killed and wounded were taken, and a few compassionately stayed to serve them. But, excepting these few Samaritans, the population fled, in wagons, on horseback, and afoot—anywhere to escape the expected storm."

It is very true there was a panic. My brothers and brother-in-law came to us as soon as they could. They felt, as all did, that the "Legion" would be in Carthage before morning to avenge Smith's death. "We must remain and defend the town as best we can," they said, "but you must go, at once." My mother and I at once returned to our home, and my younger brothers drove us into town for my sister and her children. When we said good-by to my brothers, it was nearly dark. We left the town weeping, in the deepest dejection, for we had great fear of what might befall those left behind.

The Old Jail at Carthage
Joseph Smith was shot at the second story window

About eleven o'clock, we reached the house of Mr. Kendall, nine miles from Carthage. He kept a sort of rural hotel, and, as the little children were fretful, and we were all worn out with excitement and fatigue, we decided to stop until morning. We had just fallen asleep, when we were wakened by a commotion in the yard. Rough calls were sounding, men were shouting, and horses were neighing and trampling. We looked at each other with blanched faces, but mother, who was always fearless, went out to inquire the cause of the disturbance. She was told that Governor Ford and his company had stopped to feed their horses. How relieved we were to find that soldiers, and not the dreadful "Danites," surrounded us!

Afterwards, we learned that the governor, returning from Nauvoo, was met by a messenger, my brother Tom, with the news of the murder. Greatly incensed, he pushed on to Carthage, where he remained only long enough to denounce the people for their folly. That done, he left them to their fate, and rode on to Quincy.

Learning, at Kendall's, that our little party had stopped there for the night, he ordered us all to get up at once and go on to Augusta. He assured mother that the avengers would be there before morning, and he could not leave us to be murdered. "You must get up and start on," he said, and so we did. At three o'clock in the morning we gathered together bundles and babies —the latter protesting vigorously. Cold, sleepy, thoroughly miserable, we reached Augusta shortly after five o'clock.

We inquired the way to the home of an old friend, a Dr. Brown, but were told that he had lately lost his wife and was living with a married son. This son's wife had never known us, and she looked rather coldly and distrustfully upon the wagonload of disreputable-looking strangers who had come to her door. But the old doctor came to the rescue. He called out, "Why, bless my soul, my friend, how be you? Running away from the Mormons, did you say? Why, do tell! And who did you say killed Joe Smith?"

As he was very deaf, mother labored for some time to explain the situation, but once this was made clear, we were invited in and given a very good breakfast. This so refreshed us that we went out to see if we could rent a couple of rooms. That proved impossible, so we were distributed among two or three families.

After a few days, my brothers sent word that there was no present danger to be feared, so we returned to our homes, thankful to find them unharmed, and my brothers safe and sound. The men of Carthage, when deserted by the governor, prudently retreated, or, in plainer words, simply ran away, caring little who knew it.

The women and children of Warsaw also fled for safety across the river to Alexandria. None of the three towns, Carthage, Warsaw, and Nauvoo, knew, for several days, what was transpiring in the others. In retrospect, the situation, tragical as it was, had a humorous side. Carthage and Warsaw fled in opposite directions from the wrath of the avenging "Legion," while, at the same time, the "Legion," disordered and bewildered, fled before an imaginary host of sanguinary gentiles. In reality, Mormon and gentile thought each of his own safety, not of wreaking vengeance on the other.

As may be supposed, after the death of the Smiths, the condition of affairs grew from bad to worse. Thieving and plundering were rife, not only in Hancock County, but in the adjoining counties as well. In Adams County, where arrests could be made, as many as eight Mormons were in the county jail at one time.

The death of the sheriff of our county necessitated a special election to fill the office, and a very unpopular "Jack Mormon" was elected, solely by Mormon votes. An opportunity soon arose for him to show his sympathy for the Mormons. Below Warsaw was a little, straggling Mormon village. An anti-Mormon meeting held near there had been fired upon through the windows, supposedly by Mormons from this village. For this, and other reasons, it was resolved to burn the wretched cabins, and so force their inmates to go to Nauvoo. Accordingly, one by one, the cabins were burned. No harm was done the inmates; on the contrary, they were, in each case, given timely warning, and their household goods were set out before the cabin was fired.

These rioters were joined by others, for the pent-up feeling against the Mormons could no longer be restrained. The sheriff tried to raise a posse among the

citizens to quell the disturbances, but he was so hated that his efforts were in vain. September 13, 1845, he issued a proclamation calling on the rioters to disperse, and asking the official posse of the county to help him. He added that he wished to keep the Mormons quiet, but that two thousand of them in Nauvoo were armed, and ready to come to his assistance at any time.

No attention was paid to this paper, so he did call out the Mormons, and succeeded in dispersing the rioters.

On the nineteenth, at sundown, the sheriff and his posse of several hundred men surrounded Carthage. They came down on the village like "the wolf on the fold," arresting every man in sight, and entering every house to search for those not on the streets. At the point of the bayonet, the men were rudely hustled to the courthouse, where they were kept under guard until midnight. Their homes were ransacked for firearms, and they knew not how their families would be treated.

The sheriff said he was looking for criminals, which meant two or three men accused by the Mormons of complicity in the death of the Smiths. Innocent or guilty, had these men been found at this time, they would have had but short shrift. However, they had been warned in time to escape, and the "Danites" vented their disappointment on those remaining.

At midnight, the men in the courthouse were set at liberty, and the main force withdrew the following morning. Fifty men were left on guard, and they remained until the troops sent out by the governor arrived.

I well remember that nineteenth of September, for my family, too, was visited by a portion of the posse. The evening was beautiful, and I walked out to enjoy the sunset and soft autumn air. Suddenly, I saw one of my brothers spring over the fence of a near-by cornfield. He had been out on scout and picket duty all day, and I thought it strange he should return in this fashion, for he left his horse standing hidden between the tall rows of corn.

Running to me, he said hurriedly, "Run to the barn, and tell the boys to gather up all the guns and ammunition, and hide them in the woods. The sheriff is coming with a large party—I think for the arms. I must notify others. Good-by."

He cleared the fence at a bound and, springing upon his horse, disappeared among the corn. I went at once to the barn, and in a very few moments the boys were on their way to the woods. They carried not only their own hunting rifles, shotguns and pistols, but many muskets belonging to the Carthage Greys.

I watched them go with their heavy loads, then suddenly I realized that, should the troops come, I was the only one left to meet them! Mother had been ill for several days, and was still confined to bed. Fearing the result should the men surprise her, I went to her room, and told her what had occurred. She looked frightened, so I hastened to assure her that they would not molest us, and as I left her to look out a front window I determined no one should enter her room.

I looked up the road to see a company of men coming at a gallop. In a moment, they were in front of the house, and leaping from their horses, and drawing their swords with a resounding clang, they surrounded the house. One of the officers banged loudly on the door with his sword handle. I was nearly fifteen years old, and not, I trust, of a cowardly nature, yet despite all my efforts to steady my hand, it shook as I opened the door. About ten men stood there, for half the party had gone to the barn and stables. The leader, a man of better appearance than the others, said, "Miss, you need not feel alarmed; we are not going to hurt you."

"Oh," I replied stoutly, "I am not at all afraid of you." Perhaps my trembling hands and white face belied my words, for he smiled grimly as he said, "We wish to see the men of the house, and we want certain arms in their possession."

I told him there were neither men nor guns in the house, to which he replied, "Very well, but we must search the premises."

This they proceeded to do at once, and even, despite my most earnest pleading, entered my mother's room. They went through it with great care, no doubt thinking a sickroom might furnish a plausible hiding place. Their search continued until dark, but aside from taking up the flooring of the barn, they did no damage to the property.

With the first light of the following day, they renewed their endeavor to find the arms. As none were discovered, they helped themselves liberally to all kinds of farm produce, stripping the hives of honey, the trees of fruit, and feeding their horses generously with hay and grain. This the sheriff promised to pay for, but my mother never received a cent in payment, for the county afterwards repudiated the orders and promises of this renegade officer.

Finally, they left us, and glad we were to be rid of this ill-looking company. The men had long hair and beards, and were dressed in butternut-dyed clothing. They bristled with pistols and bowie knives—these thrust into the bootleg—and had a great number of guns and swords.

Soon after they left, my brothers returned in high glee at having outwitted the posse, but their satisfaction lessened when mother expressed her surprise that they should have left us alone at such a time. They protested they had not thought we should be annoyed, and, indeed, I myself had not thought we should until I saw the men approaching.

But a few days later, a second raid was made upon Carthage, this time at midnight. One of my brothers was on picket duty outside the village, when he heard the tramp of horses and, turning, spurred into town to give the alarm. On this second raid, no actual violence was done, but it served to intensify the feeling against the Mormons. Nine adjoining counties called a convention at Carthage. Hancock County was purposely excluded, that the convention might be as free as possible from the bias of self-interest. Resolutions were passed, expressing the conviction that in no way could the situation be adjusted save by the removal of the Mormons from the county and state.

A committee was sent to Nauvoo to confer with the Mormon leaders. Finally, they promised to leave as soon as arrangements could be made, although they said, "That cannot be until grasses grow, and waters flow." Eliza Snow, one of Smith's spiritual wives, published a lament in the Nauvoo paper, the refrain of which expressed this thought:

> When grasses grow, and waters run,
> We must start for set of sun.

The excesses which had occasioned the convention called also for executive interference, and once more the governor sent a force into the county under command of Colonel John J. Hardin. He issued a proclamation to the people of the county enjoining them to keep the peace, to obey the laws, and the constituted authorities. He, with Attorney-General John A. McDougal, Judge Stephen A. Douglas, and Major William B. Warren, visited Nauvoo, and conferred with the Mormons. This committee, too, obtained a promise that the people would leave the country the following spring. This being

accomplished, the main body of the troops was withdrawn, and Major Warren, with one hundred men, was left at Carthage to keep order during the winter.

These troops were drawn principally from the Quincy Riflemen, an independent company made up of young men of good character. Throughout the time of their stay in Carthage, from September until their recall the following May, they were called upon for aid in all parts of the county. In Nauvoo, in the execution of process, they were insulted, threatened, and even violently resisted, but on all occasions they exhibited prudence, firmness, and sound judgment.

They disbanded May 1, but the following day Major Warren received orders from Governor Ford to retain his force in service until further notice—this time, however, with headquarters at Nauvoo. This action was taken because of the unrest of the people of the adjoining counties, as exhibited in many public meetings.

Mr. Babbit, a Mormon agent, wrote to the governor asking if the Mormon people were to be forced from the state. In his reply, the governor denied that the state had been a party to the compact that the Mormons should leave in this, the spring of 1846, but he intimated that they must go, and that he would be powerless to prevent their expulsion. "I tell you frankly," he said, "that the people of Illinois will not fight for the Mormons."

On May 22, Major Warren sent this dispatch to the Warsaw Signal: "The Mormons are leaving the city in large numbers. The ferry here averages fifty-two teams a day crossing, and the one at Fort Madison forty-five. Thus it will be seen that five hundred and thirty-nine teams have left during the week, which, averaging three persons to each, makes in all one thousand six hundred and seventeen souls."

Notwithstanding this show of leaving, the people of Illinois doubted the Mormons' sincerity. The ones who left camped across the river and were in constant communication with the city. This show of leaving was kept up to some extent all summer, although those who had crossed went back to Nauvoo as it pleased them.

Matters began to reach a crisis when, on August 7, John Carlin, a deputy sheriff, tried to serve three writs for robbery in Nauvoo. He succeeded in arresting two of the men, but the third defied him. He returned to Carthage, and issued a proclamation calling on the posse to assemble on August 27 to aid in making this arrest.

In the meantime, on August 12, a meeting had been held in Nauvoo, at which it was resolved that Carlin's writ should not be executed, and that military resistance should be organized. The governor was also besought to interfere in the Mormon behalf. He finally authorized Major James R. Parker, of the Thirty-second Regiment of Illinois Militia, "to call out and take command of such persons as will volunteer, free of cost to the state, to repel any attack against Nauvoo, and to defend the city." The governor prefaced this order by saying, "Sir, I have received information that another effort is to be made to drive out the inhabitants of Nauvoo and to destroy the city."

This order placed Parker and Carlin in direct antagonism, and a war of words followed. Each issued proclamations, although Major Parker had but a small force to support him.

In support of Carlin, a force of seven or eight hundred men concentrated near Carthage under Colonel Singleton, of Brown County. The encampment was five miles northwest of the village on the Nauvoo road. The quartermaster of this troop, a friend of our family, invited us to visit the camp. We did so one pleasant after-

The Mansion House at Nauvoo, Once Kept by Joseph Smith

noon, and, seated upon powder kegs, witnessed the evening drill, a sight well worth seeing, since the men had been practicing almost constantly for two years.

During this encampment, a letter was received from St. Louis stating that a steamboat laden with arms and ammunition for the Mormons had just left that place for Nauvoo. A party of seventy-five men, my oldest brother among them, was sent at once to the river in baggage wagons to intercept this shipment. About fifteen miles below Nauvoo, at what is now the town of Hamilton, they met the boat. It was ordered to land, but its captain ignored the order until a dozen musket balls went whistling over its deck. Then he made for the opposite shore and landed there. The soldiers crossed hastily in skiffs and rowboats and, meeting with but little resistance, took possession of the boat's cargo. This they transferred to baggage wagons on the other side of the river.

Having done this, they went south to Warsaw, reaching that place at dayhreak. They made this detour because they had been warned by scouts that from four to five hundred Mormons lay in wait for them, thinking they would return hy the same road hy which they had gone. Fortunately, there was no encounter. Had there been, our men would have fared ill, as they were exhausted, and numbered less than one-fifth of the Mormon troop in amhush.

The day following this expedition Colonel Singleton, who had been secretly negotiating with the Mormons, suhmitted to the men the terms which the Mormons offered. They were indignantly and unanimously rejected. Colonel Singleton then made a little speech, telling the men that, in his opinion, men who rushed into a situation of this kind hastily, and without due consideration, were "damn fools."

Carlin replied that, in his opinion, men who deliberated too long and negotiated too much were "damn cowards." This reply was loudly cheered. Whereupon Colonel Singleton resigned the command.

Colonel Brockman, who was appointed hy Carlin to take Colonel Singleton's place, ordered an immediate advance toward Nauvoo. On October 10, the whole force, numhering about eight hundred men, took up the line of march, and encamped again within sight of the "Temple."

There were no telegraph wires in the county at this time, hut fast horses hore the news, and re-enforcements came to the posse, as well as a committee from Quincy purposing to arrange a compromise. To this committee the officers of the force gave their ultimatum as to terms, and the committee suhmitted these to the Nauvoo authorities. They made no reply whatever, so the posse moved toward the city.

On Octoher 12, under cover of a flag of truce, a demand for surrender was sent to Major Clifford, who had succeeded Major Parker in command. He refused the demand, and immediately preparations were made to give hattle.

The Mormons had laid mines along the principal roads, made loopholes for firing in walls and in houses, and had thrown up hreastworks at various points. Both sides had several pieces of artillery of small caliber.

Truth to tell, the deputy sheriff's men were spoiling for a fight. The fact that the governor's envoy, with a force of militia, was inside the city for the purpose of preventing the approach of the county officers might have seemed an obstacle to most men, but not to Carlin and Colonel Brockman.

They ordered up the cannon, and commanded the gunners to open fire at once. For a little over an hour, or until the cannon balls were all used, the brick and plaster, wood and stone of the houses of Nauvoo were scattered at a rapid rate.

We, at home, could hear the sound of the firing of the cannon distinctly, and, as every man and boy belonging to us was in the fray, we spent some anxious moments.

Mr. Gregg says in his history: "The surgeons of Colonel Brockman's force reported twelve men wounded as a result of the conflict. One of the wounded men died ten hours later, but all the others recovered. Of the loss on the other side, no certain account was ever obtained."

This, the only real battle of the Mormon "war," brought matters to a crisis. A large deputation from Quincy joined the little army with proposals for mediation. They worked hard, and after several days of correspondence and consultation arranged a treaty which was agreed upon by representatives of both parties.

By the terms of this treaty, the Mormons agreed to surrender the city, and to leave the state as soon as they could cross the river. They made arrangements immediately for doing this, and within three days the entire Mormon people had crossed into Iowa. The Quincy committee, together with the officers and men of the posse, had given a pledge to protect persons and property from violence, and to guard and assist the sick and helpless. This pledge was scrupulously kept; nevertheless much suffering and hardship necessarily had to be endured by the Mormons.

My eldest brother was sent into the city with a detachment of men to see that this part of the treaty was faithfully carried out, and he saw many pitiful sights. Many a house and lot were exchanged for a horse or a yoke of oxen. Sometimes a cow drew the wagon on which the family's all was loaded, while the family itself trudged along beside it on foot. It was not hard to realize that such an outfit would never reach the western border of Iowa, though its goal, with the rest of the caravan, was the far-distant Salt Lake Valley.

The entire people worked their way westward by slow and painful steps. They made two or three temporary settlements in order to rest the weary and care for the sick. At these places they built rude shanties for shelter, and, turning over the rich prairie soil, planted and harvested quickly maturing crops. The journey was marked by suffering, borne with great fortitude. The people kept together and plodded toward the setting sun with a faithfulness and devotion worthy of a better cause.

Thus passed out of the state, and out of our lives, this peculiar people. Many pages have been written concerning the cruelty of this expatriation, but how malignant was this evil of Mormonism none can realize save those who lived with it. There are growths so dangerous that the surgeon's knife is the only cure.

That there were some "Saints" among them I am sure, for I knew them well; that there were many simple folk who, in another community, would have made good citizens, I have no doubt. But what can be said in defense of that long procession of rogues and miscreants, the Mormon leaders, who have for so many years corrupted and polluted the moral atmosphere wherever they lived?

Today Mormonism still grows. Missionaries are active abroad, and in our own land as well. Is not this semi-pagan delusion, in a sense, fostered and protected by our government? May the problem never become so involved that it can be solved only by the costly sacrifice of blood!